

Farm for Sale

Farm of 100 acres, in Mercer County, 12 miles from county seat; 7 and 8 miles from two other railroad stations. Two complete barns, two houses, two barns, out buildings, etc.; two orchards. Will sell in two parts—one 50 acres, the other 50 acres. Well drained and well fenced; eight acres in alfalfa, twelve acres in timber. Call on or address CHARLES RARE, Coldwater, O. R. R. No. 1.

Fifteenth Year—No. 47

CELINA, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1911

Weekly—One Dollar per Year

The Time for Heroic Measures Are at Hand

When the tongue of trade is coated, when the eyes and limbs of the clerk are dull and languid, when the rating fever lingers, the empty vials of the till, when the spider roots in the end of the month, and the sound of decay are on the chandeliers, it is conclusive that the advertising doctor has not been consulted.

AGRICULTURAL SPECIAL MONDAY

Will Visit Coldwater at 2 p.m., Ft. Recovery at 3:20 and Return to Celina at 5 p.m.

If the visit of the agricultural special to three Mercer County towns next Monday is not a success the fault will not be with the newspapers, for they have done their part in putting the people next.

A feature in connection with the visit of this special train not mentioned last week is the exhibiting of the ten prize-winning ears of corn at the Columbus corn show that netted the grower just \$300. They will be good to look upon.

There will also be special exhibits of apples, alfalfa and other Ohio products.

Celina will be favored with an evening meeting at the City Hall and it is hoped that it will get generous recognition from business men as well as farmers.

MEAN JOKE ON FAITHFUL WIFE

Decoy Letter Is Used to Get Her Away, Then Hubby and Hired Girl Disappear.

[Ft. Recovery Tribune March 9.]

John Smith, a married man living north of Bucks Corner, and a young girl formerly of Michigan, but who has been living at the Smiths home for some time, have eloped according to a story that has been received by the Tribune.

Mrs. Smith was decoyed to the home of her sister, Mrs. Burt Franks, of near Pennville, Jay county, by a letter stating that her husband was seriously ill. She went at once to Pennville only to find her sister in her usual good health. It was then that Mrs. Smith suspected the truth, and returned home to find the husband and the girl gone. Her husband had taken all his belongings with him. Mrs. Smith went to the home of her mother where she will reside.

Smith is 33 years old, while the young woman with whom he has fled is said to be but 17.

CUPID'S VICTIMS

The news reached this city the first of the week of the marriage of Wm. Belandorfer, a former Celina boy, to Miss Kathryn Richmond, of Washington, D.C., at Phoenix, Ariz. They will make the latter city their home, where Mr. Belandorfer is the manager of an automobile concern.

Miss Blanche L. Jaynes and Clarence Lusk, of Wapakoneta, were wedded at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Anna Weaver, West Wayne street, last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Charles Bennett performed the ceremony, which was followed by a wedding dinner. The groom is a young business man of Wapakoneta, and a son of Rev. J. B. Lusk of that city.

Dr. Wintermute and daughter Annalee, of this city, returned home Friday evening from Mt. Vernon, where they attended the funeral of the former's brother, H. O. Wintermute, which took place in that city Thursday. The deceased was eighty years of age, a prominent Mason and veteran of the civil war.

Pine-Tar-Honey. That is Dr. Bell's. It is the original and can be relied on in croup, coughs, colds and all lung and bronchial troubles. Look for the bell on the bottle.

SCUDDER

Jake Smothers, of California, was visiting with C. D. Siler and family. Mr. Donovan and family have moved on the Wm. Jenkins farm here.

John White and wife are still very poorly at this writing.

John Davis and family and Cos Wilson and wife spent Sunday with Arthur Siler and family.

Mrs. P. Canary spent Sunday with Ora Now and wife.

Jake Smothers spent Sunday afternoon with Frank Stoner and family.

Tom Spohn and wife spent Tuesday evening with A. Enyart.

About thirty-five lady friends of Mrs. J. N. Schaffer spent the day of the sale with her. A pleasant time was had. We are sorry to have her leave us, but hope they will meet with success in their new location.

Ora Brook spent Tuesday at Lima. Angie Enyart is working for Mrs. J. White.

Mrs. Geo. Painter spent Friday with Mrs. Stevie Siebert.

Mr. and Mrs. Spinner entertained company Sunday.

Agnes Siebert spent Saturday with Mrs. Stevie Siebert.

For Croup Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is the best known remedy. Do not experiment, get the genuine Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey.

If you want your prescriptions filled accurately—no substitutions—go to the RILEY DRUG STORE.

Mystery and Magic at Montezuma 15th

Hiavin, the wonder-work, sent out under the management of the Cleveland Lyceum Bureau, will give one of his characteristic entertainments at the M. E. Church at Montezuma next Wednesday evening at 7:30. Hiavin carries a fine stage outfit and equipment. He does not have to depend upon those to produce the illusions that so mystify the public. Go and see him. It will be worth your time and money.

ST. HENRY

The mill opening here Wednesday was a most auspicious event, and considering the bad weather, was well attended from far and near. The crowd included many mill men and grain dealers, who were free in proclaiming it the best mill in Ohio, with latest and most improved machinery.

The affair was a pleasant one. The ladies served lunch all day, and sample pastry, bread and biscuits were displayed. The St. Henry band furnished the music.

The mill will run day and night, has its own electric light plant, and in addition the company, composed of farmers and business men of South Mercer, will buy and sell feed, hay, grain, wool, coal, salt and all other things incidental to mill business. Their flour will be on sale at all groceries and dealers, and a guarantee will go out with every sack that it is just what it is represented to be.

The stockholders of the canning factory met last Tuesday and elected John H. Gels President; Jos. Osterfeld, Vice President; Joseph J. Moeller, Treasurer; and Frank P. Leubert, Secretary and Manager. Last season was a satisfactory one, and so far this year they have more acreage than last year, but they expect to more than double their business for this year, besides they will build an addition to the plant and pack sugar corn.

Mrs. J. H. Gardner, of Celina, spent a couple days this week with relatives here.

Jacob Heyl and son Leo were at Celina Thursday.

Henry Schmitt, our undertaker, has invented a patent which promises to be a good thing for him. It is a patent brace, so made that it will support the lid of a coffin or make a couch casket out of an ordinary casket without extra cost.

R. Romer and H. A. Beckman were at Lima Thursday.

Grand Spring Millinery Opening at Mrs. Kate Ellis', West Fayette street, next Thursday, the 16th.

THE GRM REAPER IN PROBATE COURT

Othello S. Brandon, aged 43, died at his home on Lisle street, this city, last Sunday evening of diphtheria after years of suffering. He was formerly an employe at the furniture factory. He was a son of the late Wm. and Sarah Brandon, and was born in this township. He leaves a wife and two children—Grover and Lela. His funeral took place yesterday.

John H. Huselman, aged 43, died at his home two miles east of St. Henry last Saturday afternoon. Death was due to Bright's disease. A wife and three children survive him. His funeral took place from the Cranberry Catholic Church Tuesday morning.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bettinger, North Mill street, aged three days, passed away last Sunday night. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon.

Ex-Treasurer Wm. J. Maehman, of this city, accompanied by his brother, Banker Frank Maehman of Ottowa, who was followed by a wedding dinner. The groom is a young business man of Wapakoneta, and a son of Rev. J. B. Lusk of that city.

Page Uniform Bill Is Joked to Death

[From Toledo Blade, March 2.] "Do you work around here?" demanded an imperious lobbyist of a modest, genial little man in the state house corridor.

"Yes, I do some work around here."

"Well, I wish you would find Representative Gebhardt, of Dayton, and do it quick."

"He is in the committee room upstairs, come with me."

The lobbyist hurried to Gebhardt about a pending bill.

"You will have to see Speaker Vinson about that. He is personally interested in that measure. Said Gebhardt, turning to the lobbyist's guide who, 'Does some work around here,' introduced Speaker Samuel J. Vinson.

"Why, I—er—I—er—thought you were a porter."

It was an embarrassing moment for the lobbyist, but the speaker appreciated the joke and took no offense, for some of the porters, who are supposed to be scrubbing floors, cleaning spittoons and washing windows for \$3.50 a day, including Sundays, have plenty of idle moments and are savoring it.

Representative George Wilber, of Union county took the incident seriously and introduced a resolution providing that all the porters and pages of the house be required to wear uniforms and caps to be provided by the speaker.

Representative Joseph F. Sawicki, of Cleveland, offered an amendment that the uniforms be of the harem-skirt style. It was adopted in a spirit of levity and the resolution referred to the committee on the institution for feeble-minded youth.

Eighty-Acre Farm for Sale. An 80-acre farm in Center township, known as George Smothers farm; good house and barn, granary, two good wells and cistern; all well tilled and well fenced. Possession first of March. Inquire of L. N. Kiser, Celina, R. D. No. 3.

Reoxall Vegetable Compound for women. It contains no poisonous drugs and is absolutely guaranteed by us. Use no other. For sale only at the RILEY DRUG STORE.

NOTION TO QUASH BRUSH INDICTMENT

Is Overruled and Case Assigned for Trial March 28—Another Divorce Case Filled.

Judge Layton, while holding court here last Saturday, overruled the demurrer in the case of E. Kuhlman vs. L. W. Collins et al., and leave was given to reply by March 18.

In the case of the State of Ohio vs. Irvin Brush, the court overruled the motion to quash indictment and plea in abatement overruled. Motion to require Prosecuting Attorney to elect in which court he will proceed to trial. Case assigned for trial Tuesday, March 28, at 9:30 a.m.

In the case of Perry Cisco vs. John B. Albers, as Treasurer, the court found in favor of the defendant. Injunction dissolved and case dismissed at plaintiff's cost. Notice of appeal given; bond fixed at \$250. The suit was brought to enjoin the assessment of a ditch tax.

Motion was sustained in case of Mary E. B. Lane et al. vs. Clinton Lane et al. and leave to amend on or before April 1.

Judge Layton sustained a motion to discharge the attachment in the case of Haus & Heller Co. vs. W. T. Hankins at plaintiff's cost. Time to file petition in error fixed at fifteen days from March 4.

Motion to quash indictment in case of State of Ohio vs. Dalton H. Miller, sustained, and defendant discharged.

After being out five hours, the jury in the case of the Blue Manufacturing Co. vs. The Model Milling Co., reported last Friday afternoon with a verdict for the defendant—no cause of action—and found for the defendant on his cross-petition for \$140.23.

John H. Bowers, Burkettville, filed suit Wednesday asking that the marriage contract existing between himself and Zilla B. Bowers, the defendant in this suit, be totally dissolved. He states in his petition that he and the defendant were married on June 8, 1905, in Darke county, and that children were born as issue of said marriage. For grounds of divorce he alleges that at time of their marriage defendant had a husband living from whom she had never been divorced and from whom on February 13, 1911, applied for a divorce, further alleging that the defendant has been guilty of gross neglect of duty, in that on February 22, 1910, said defendant, without any just cause, left plaintiff's house and has ever since neglected and refused to perform any of her marital duties.

In the matter of Emory Loudenbeck, administrator of Mary E. Bryson, deceased, proceedings to sell real estate. Answer of widow filed. Hearing had and order of sale issued.

Last will and testament of Geo. R. McDaniel, deceased, admitted to probate. (Consent of E. L. Powell, guardian of Delilah V. Powell et al., proceedings to sell real estate. Order to appraise filed. Application to sell at private sale filed. Order to issue.

Last will and testament of Henry Leising, deceased, admitted to probate and record. Election of widow filed. Josephine Leising appointed and qualified as executrix. Inventory and appraisal March 7.

Emory Loudenbeck, administrator of Elizabeth Bobenmeyer, deceased, filed petition to sell real estate. For hearing May 1.

Chas. G. Wilson, guardian of Rebecca Billman, filed additional bond.

In the matter of E. F. Powell, guardian of Delilah V. Powell et al., proceedings to sell real estate. Order to appraise filed. Application to sell at private sale filed. Order to issue.

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Millinery Opening Thursday, Mar. 16

The largest showing of 1911 Spring Millinery in the county at Mrs. KATH ELLIS' STORE, West Fayette street. All up-to-date patterns at prices to suit everyone. See our display before making a purchase. Spring opening next Thursday.



HASKELL VINING.

A new Richmond in the auctioneer field, who is likely to make some older ones in the game sit up and take notice before another season rolls around.

Mrs. Minnie Shimp, of Oregon, was pleasantly and completely surprised last Saturday noon, the occasion being her 49th birthday. Eighty-one people took possession of her home and proceeded to give that good lady the time of her life. They left as evidences of their visit sugar, lard, butter, eggs, canned fruits and the like, with, incidentally, some \$25 in cash.

Mrs. Kate Ellis announces her spring millinery opening for next Thursday, the 16th.

The Phonograph And The Graft

By O. HENRY

(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

I looked in at the engine room of the Bloomfield-Cater Manufacturing Company (Ltd.) for the engineer was Kirkay, and there was a sudden half-hour between the time he shutoff steam and washed up that I coveted. I found Kirkay resting, with his pipe lit, snuff-faced and blue overhauled.

"This is a fair afternoon," I said, "but bids to be colder."

"Did I ever tell you," began Kirkay honorably, "about the time Henry Horsecollar and me took a phonograph to South America?"

"I never heard of it," I said, and he looked at me and kicked toward me.

"Henry and me met at Texarkana and figured out this phonograph scheme. He had \$350 and I had \$285. The phonograph idea was Henry's, but I took it to freely, being fond of machinery of all kinds."

"We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana—one of the best make—and half a trunkful of records. We packed up and took the T. and P. for New Orleans."

"We landed on a smiling coast at a town they denominated by the name, as near as I can recollect, of Sore-toe-kangaroo. 'Twas a palatable enough place to look at."

"Henry skinned a twenty off his roll, and received from the bureau of mercenary dispositions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story and no change."

"Then we got the consul full of red wine, and struck him for a horseshoe. He was a thin, youngish kind of man. I should say past fifty, sort of French in his affections, and puffed up with discomfition. Yes, he was a flattened kind of a man, in whom drink lay stagnant, inclined to corpulence and misery. Yes, I think he was a kind of Dutchman, being very sad and genial in his ways."

"The marvelous invention," he says, "entitled the phonograph, has never before invaded these shores. The people have never heard it. They would not believe it if they should. Simple-hearted children of nature, progress has never condescended them to accept the work of a can-opener as an overture, and rag-time might incite them to a bloody revolution. But you can try the experiment. The best chance you have is that the populace may not wake up when you play. There's two ways," says the consul, "they may take it. They may become incited with attention, like an Atlanta colonel listening to 'Marching Through Georgia,' or they will get excited and transport the key of the music with an ax and yourselves into a dungeon. In the latter case," says the consul, "I'll do my duty by cabling to the state department, and I'll wrap the Stars and Stripes around you when you come to be shot, and threaten them with the vengeance of the greatest gold export and financial reserve on earth. The flag is full of bullet holes now," says the consul, "made in that way. Twice before," says the consul, "I have cabled our government for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens. The first time the department sent me

MARSH CONCERT CO. FOURTH NUMBER

Of Wabash High School Lecture Course—Big and Diversified Program of Merit.

The fourth number of the Washington township High School lecture course will be given by the Marsh Concert Company of Pennsylvania to-morrow (Saturday) night at the High School auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh offer to the public something new and kindly appealing, a program consisting of readings, sketches, impersonations, bell ringing, instrumental music and ventriloquism. Mr. Marsh is a versatile entertainer of exceptional ability. His impersonations are always pleasing and true to the character portrayed. As a ventriloquist he has few equals. He delights his audiences while he reproduces in a manner as humorous as may be, the vocal peculiarities of men, birds and beasts. He introduced a set of life-like figures that are the best that mechanical genius can produce. The bells, organ chimes and marimbaphone have proven a great delight. Mrs. Marsh is a reader of rare power and attainments and captivates her audience with artistic finish and pleasing personality.

They have the endorsement of such renowned platform favorites as Byron W. King and Franklin Pierce Jolly. Admission, 20 and 35 cents. Seats reserved free. Phone to High School, or 3 on 28 Wabash, for your seats.

A pair of gum boots. The other time was when a man named Pease was going to be executed here. They referred that appeal to the secretary of agriculture. Let us now disturb the senior behind the bar for a subsequence of the red wine!

"Thus soliloquized the consul of Sore-toe-kangaroo to me and Henry Horsecollar."

"But, notwithstanding, we hired a room that afternoon in the Calle de los Angeles, the main street that runs along the shore, and put our trunks there."

"We were rubbing the dust off the machine and getting fixed to start business the next day, when a big, fine-looking white man in white clothes stopped at the door and looked in. We extended the invitation, and he walked inside and sized us up."

"New York," he says to me finally. "Originally, and from time to time, I says, 'Hasn't it rubbed off yet?'"

"It's simple," says he, "when you know how. It's the fit of the vest. They don't cut vests right anywhere else. Coats maybe, but not vests."

"The white man looks at Henry Horsecollar and hesitates."

"Injun," says Henry; "I'm Injun." "Mellinger," says the man—"Homer P. Mellinger. Boys, you're confiscated. You're babes in the wood without a chaperon or referee, and it's my duty to start you going. I'll knock out the pellets and launch you proper in the pellicular water of Sore-toe-kangaroo. You'll have to be chastened, and if you'll come with me I'll break a bottle of wine across your bows, according to Hoyle."

"Mine and Henry's money was counterfeited. Everything was on Homer P. Mellinger. That man could find rolls of bills in his clothes where Hermann the Wizard couldn't have conjured out an onelet. He could have founded universities and had enough left to buy the colored vote of his country. Henry and me wondered what his graft was. One evening he told us."

"Boys," says he, "I'm deceived you. Instead of a painted butterfly I'm the hardest worked man in this country."

"My job is private secretary to the president of this republic, and my duties are running it. I'm not headlined in the bills, but I'm the mustard in the salad dressing. There isn't a law goes before congress, there isn't an import duty levied, but what H. P. Mellinger he cooks and seasons it. In the front office I fill the president's inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dynamite; in the back room I dictate the policy of the government."

"Boys, I'm to hold a soiree this evening with a gang of leading citizens, and I want your assistance. You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a function. There's important business on hand, but it mustn't show. I can talk to you people. I've been pained for years on account of not having anybody to blow off and brag to. I get homesick sometimes, and I'd swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty-fourth street, and stand and watch the street cars go by, and smell the peanut roaster at old Giuseppe's fruit stand."

"Yes," said I, "there's the caviare at Billy Renfrow's cafe, corner of Thirty-fourth and—"

"God knows," it interrupts Mellinger, "and if you'd told me you knew Billy Renfrow I'd have invented tons of ways of making you happy. Billy was my side kicker in New York. That is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working honestly for a graft, but that man loses money if I Carrambos! I get sick at times of this country. Everything's rotten. From the executive down to the coffee pickers, they're plotting to down each other and skin their friends. If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official, that man figures it out that he's a popular idler, and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administration. It's one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out these revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property. That's why I'm down here now in this mildewed coast town. The governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise. I've got every one of their names, and

they're invited to listen to the phonograph to-night, compliments of H. P. M. That's the way I'll get them in a bunch and things are on the program to happen to them."

"We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints. Mellinger poured out wine, and was looking some worried; I was thinking."

"They're a sharp crowd," he says, kind of fretful. "They're capitalized by a 'foreign syndicate after rubber, and they're loaded to the muzzle for bribing. I'm sick," goes on Mellinger, 'of comic opera. I want to smell East River and wear suspenders again. At times I feel like throwing up my job, but I'm d—n fool enough to be sort of proud of it. 'There's Mellinger," they say here, 'Por Dios! you can't touch him with a million.' I'd like to take that record back and show it to Billy Renfrow some day, and that tightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft."

"Mellinger appears shaky, and breaks his glass against the neck of the bottle."

"I say to myself, 'White man, if I'm not mistaken there's been a bait laid out where the tail of your eye could see it.'"

"That night according to arrangements, me and Henry took the phonograph to a room in a 'dobe house in a dirty side street, where the grass was knee high. 'Twas a long room, lit with smoky oil lamps. There was plenty of chairs and a table at the back end."

"By and by the invitations to the musicale came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes. Their color was of a diversity, running from a three days' smoked meerschaum to a patent leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyment to give Senator Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on."

"Maybe fifty of 'em had come, and seated, when in slid the king bee, the governor of the district. Mellinger met him at the door, and escorted him to the stand. When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger, private secretary, had all the dances on his card taken. That was a big, squashy man, the color of a rubber overshoe, and he had an eye like a head waiter's."

"Mellinger explained, fluent, in the Castilian idioms, that his soul was disconcerted with joy at introducing to his respected friends America's greatest invention, the wonder of the age. Henry got the cue and ran on an elegant brass-band record and the festivities became initiated. The governor man had a bit of English under his hat, and when the music was choked off he says:

"Ver